

THE DIAL

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CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Our esteemed contemporary over the northern border, "The Week" of Toronto, has recently been publishing a series of letters from Canadian writers of more or less repute, upon the subject of the Canadian literature which they unite in thinking ought to result from the literary activity of the younger generation, but which they regrettably admit to have given as yet hardly any signs of existence. The term literature has many meanings, but we are now using it (as these anxious inquirers seem to use it) for the purpose of designating such writings as produce a distinct impression upon the mass of the people in whose language it is written. In this sense, no production of merely local interest or appeal may be called literature, however vehemently its friends may put forward a claim to the title. In this sense, the United States has not yet produced any great quantity of literature, while Canada and Australia have produced, we may almost say, none at all. England can still claim most of the writers whose audience is coextensive with the English-speaking world; there are a few names from our own country, such as those of Emerson and Longfellow, upon the list; the other English-peopled lands remain unrepresented.

The test that we have suggested is doubtless a severe one, and there is no other language whose literature must, as a condition of success, answer to the wants of so many communities geographically so far apart. On the other hand, there is no language comparable with our own in the compensations which it offers to the successful man of letters. He who gains the ear of the English-speaking world commands an audience so vast that the imagination does not easily grasp it, and his reward, whether in profit or in fame, is proportional to the numbers of those whom he addresses. It is vain to deny the unifying effect of a language upon the communities that share its use; however alien the race-elements concerned, a common bond of speech must make them one in sympathy and in ideals.

Looked at from this point of view, the question of Canadian literature is very simple. There are not many Canadians altogether (for

the French are not to be included in this calculation), and it is only within a very few years that the conditions have been found under which the very existence of literature is possible. When the "epic passion" of a people has to vent itself in the felling of forests and the building of cities, there is little chance to cultivate the rather exotic flower of literature, and poets are likely to be of the inarticulate sort so dear to Mr. Carlyle. Other reasons for the non-existence of a Canadian literature are furnished by the contributors to "The Week." One of these reasons is found in the fact that there is no recognized intellectual centre for English Canada. Toronto comes nearer than any other city to being such a centre, but Toronto is still so provincial, we are told, that it seems to have a prejudice against books produced outside of Ontario. Another reason is the absorption of Canadian literary talent by the publishers and magazine editors of the United States. Still another reason is the tendency of Canadian writers to produce hasty and slovenly work. This is brought forward by Dr. Bourinot, who certainly speaks with authority. But no reasons are really needed to explain so natural a fact as that of a small and struggling community, as yet hardly infused with national feelings, having produced no distinctive literature of its own.

Of course we do not ignore the fact that many Canadian writers have done excellent work in prose and verse. Haliburton and De Mille, for example, among those who have passed away, Professor Roberts and Mr. Carman, for example, among the younger men, are widely known, as widely in this country as in their own. And Canada has at least half ownership in that great scholar and profound political thinker, Professor Goldwin Smith. But these excellent writers, and a dozen more whose names at once occur to any well-informed person, are not enough to make a literature, at best they add but a slender rill tributary to the broad stream of English letters.

One thing is quite certain: Talking about a national literature and the desirability of having one will not do anything to stimulate its emergence. Literature is almost never the product of self-consciousness; self-conscious periods in the life of a nation may precede or follow periods of productivity, but the two are not likely to coincide. Some day, when our Canadian friends have ceased to scan the horizon for the coming literature, and have turned to thinking about other things, they may make

the happy discovery that a literature has been growing up unnoticed in their midst. But we do not expect it for some time, and we are sure that it will not come with observation. There is a good deal in this discussion of "The Week" to remind us of discussions not unfamiliar in our own country. With us the question is somewhat more complicated, for we have not only loud outcries for an American literature, but still louder and more blatant demands for a Western, or a Southern, or a Mississippi Valley, or a Pacific Coast literature.

Reduced to this absurdity, the contention becomes merely amusing, and is made none the less so by the efforts of our too-zealous sectionalists to decry the work done in older and more cultivated intellectual centres, and to exalt, by all the devices of the clique for mutual admiration, every petty local performance. We are not even sure that the demand for a distinctively national literature of our own is a justifiable one, and we may certainly be permitted to doubt the wisdom of a similar demand for a Canadian literature. One of the "Week" correspondents speaks of certain causes which "tend to intensify the general movement towards literary centralization throughout the English-speaking world, and to choke the independent literary life of the smaller communities." Instead of deprecating this tendency, as the writer seems to do, we are inclined to think it a fortunate one. The best literary life for the small community is likely to be a life fed from the best sources of inspiration, and drawing its nourishment from the common stock of English literary achievement. It seems to us that no other than a stunted literary life would be possible for a community that should seek a strictly independent development. The great tradition of expression, as embodied in the five centuries of our literary production since Chaucer first fashioned English speech for the purposes of art, is too splendid a heritage to be disdained or lightly cast aside. There is but one English literature at present, and we hope that there will never be more than one. Of the many things that make for unity among all English-speaking people, literature is the most important, and experience affords no warrant for the apprehension that unity may ever generate into mere uniformity.

"In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister," said Goethe. For the literary artist who has as a medium of expression the English language, whether he live and work in the United States or in Canada, in Africa or in

Australia, the lesson of this dictum must be that truth to himself will always mean truth to the English literary tradition, coupled with a recognition and a cheerful acceptance of whatever limitations that tradition may be found to impose.

*ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS.**

The courses in English at the Illinois State University being at present confined to the undergraduate classes, an account of the work must differ materially from one dealing with the full university curriculum. The aim of such a course is, or should be, the development of general culture rather than the preparation for later scientific research. It aims to be, as far as possible, complete in itself.

Keeping this end in view, we devote the whole of the first year to a general survey of English and American literature, dwelling particularly on the great names and the significant periods. From this as a centre all the subsequent courses are made to radiate. Those students, furthermore, who wish to devote only a single year to the subject are thus given a bird's-eye view, which, while necessarily incomplete and superficial, is the best substitute for an extended course. In connection with this subject, as with all others, much outside reading is required.

In the three succeeding years the time is divided as equally as possible between two subjects, so that the students may have variety without distraction. In the junior and senior years the line is drawn between language and literature, and anyone so desiring may elect only one of these. As might be expected, the preference in the large majority of cases is given to the latter subject. This comparative unpopularity of language-study suggests the advisability of providing a special course of one or two terms in elementary Old English (Anglo-Saxon) grammar and prose for literary students. This is the more desirable as the earliest period of our literature cannot satisfactorily be included in the general survey, and yet some knowledge of it is essential to a comprehensive knowledge of our literary development. It is also a serious question whether Chaucer should be studied in the language course, as at present. But in any case, stress should be laid, in an ordinary college course such as ours,

upon his artistic and ethical qualities, rather than upon the language in which these find expression.

But of far greater importance is the question of how to approach Shakespeare. It is bad enough to confine ourselves to the grammatical forms of Chaucer; it is little far from criminal to do so with our mighty dramatist. Not that the grammatical and linguistic side shall be ignored; it must, however, be reduced to a minimum, as a means to greater end. Richard Grant White to the contrary, Shakespeare requires much annotation of various kinds, in order that the study may yield its full return. Our Shakespeare class devotes two hours a week throughout the year to the detailed investigation of four plays—a comedy, an historical play, a tragedy, and one of the so-called romances. One hour a week during the first term is devoted to the pre-Shakespearean drama, and the same time during the last two terms to the reading of eight or ten of Shakespeare's plays in the order of Furnivall's chronological table, bearing chiefly in mind the development of the author's genius. In these "Hamlet" is invariably included. Free discussion by the members of the class is heartily encouraged. Special stress is laid upon the different conceptions of characters and situations by leading actors, and upon the stage requirements of the plays,—the student being never allowed to forget that Shakespeare wrote primarily for the stage and not for the closet. Textual criticism is treated even more sparingly than grammatical study, its proper place being in the advanced courses. The results of this method of Shakespeare study have been very encouraging, many of the pupils seeming to develop from it a real love for the subject, which it is to be hoped may be carried still further outside of the college walls.

The other courses offered are the prose of the nineteenth century, the poetry of the nineteenth century,—special stress being laid in the former on the novel, in the latter on Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson, eighteenth century literature, the literary study of history, and Old and Early English, including Chaucer. There is also a special course of one year for scientific and engineering students, consisting of a general survey of the literature, English grammar, and the critical study of scientific prose.

In addition to the instruction in language and literature, which is elective, a certain amount of work is required in rhetoric and theme-writing of all members of the university, the object of which is the practical one of endeavoring to give training in the use of English. Much freedom is left to the students in the choice of subjects, and satisfactory articles in the college paper and the various college societies are accepted as equivalents for the regular class themes. This latter plan has yielded admirable results this year, the first of its trial.

It may be added that while, as has been stated, no attempt has yet been made to offer systematic instruction in English for graduates, provision is

* This article is the seventh of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in *THE DIAL*: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); and English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16).—[EDR. DIAL.]

made for all those desiring to pursue higher studies in this subject. The time is not far distant, it is hoped, when this deficiency will be remedied.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Illinois.

COMMUNICATIONS.

INTERPRETATIONS OF IBSEN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the recent review of Ibsen's "Brand" in THE DIAL there are two statements that to my mind do not quite do justice to the work, nor to Ibsen himself. It is not always possible for foreigners, even if they are familiar with a language, to appreciate its nature thoroughly; and thus it may be permitted me to express a different opinion concerning some things stated in the review. For example, at the beginning, where the distinction is made between authors of poetic form and those of poetic thought, Ibsen is classed with the latter, and somewhat categorically denied beauty of form. Now, to all Norwegians, nay, to all Scandinavians, without exception, Ibsen is the master of form *par excellence*; none of our poets being, as is he, the absolute artist that bends and shapes the language into perfect rhyme and perfect rhythm alike. Surely he is no Tennyson; he carries the sword rather than the wreath of roses; but his weapon is as finely-wrought and well-tempered a blade as any masterpiece of Damascus. The question of his superiority of form may safely be left with his people, who have long deemed him beyond criticism on that point. The English-speaking nations naturally have a standard of form of their own, but it would be rather unfair to apply this to other languages. Besides, the miserable translations in which Ibsen's works have suffered in almost every foreign tongue have done their utmost to obscure the excellence of his style. Those that understand his "Terje Viken" and his "Comedy of Love" know better what to think. The Norwegian tongue, with its stock of good dialect words, is capable, we are proud to say, of expressing whatever an artist may choose to confide to it; and Ibsen has been able not only to use it with virtuosity, but also to increase even further its capacity of expression. But as the tongue is spoken by only two millions of people, students of European literature, naturally, do not generally take the trouble to learn it; but in order to gain some acquaintance with the leading ideas in works that have caused such stir as have Ibsen's, they turn to translations that are often translated from other translations, both alike being misrepresenting and poor.

Another remark concerning the idea and bearing of "Brand." The author justifies his hero less, perhaps, than the reader is apt to think. Ibsen in anything but dogmatic; his satire is entirely too keen and clear-sighted for that, — or, as the translator so well puts it, "His most definite and dominant thoughts come to the surface laden with that tangle of counter-thought which gathers about every peremptory conclusion in the depths of a critical mind." We wish the reader could always keep these lines in mind. Humanity has no heroes to Ibsen, unless it be his women; but there he is probably influenced from other sources. The figures are never seen with a *näve*, admiring glance, but rather with a searching eye, in order to bring out their whole charac-

ter, to give us the *sense* about them, if you will. Neither does the poet so absolutely "stand for individualism first and last," as the reviewer seems to think; that sounds a little too much like celebration of egotism, and to this Ibsen is vehemently opposed. His demand is much more strictly ideal. He asks for the true man as "God saw him in his mind on the day of creation," the man with character and yet humble, the man that knows his will and is still obedient, the man that has learned and broadened his spirit and grown in mind and body. Herein is his point of contact with Goethe. That he does not remain in this serene tranquillity and mental elevation that characterizes the teaching of Goethe, but wages incessant warfare, is due to the critical fault-finding and active idealism of his spirit. In this, perhaps, is found the reason of his chief distance from the great Olympian father and the source of his own abundant originality: that where Goethe is always synthetic, Ibsen is the born revolutionary and analyst. But to return to "Brand."

The book itself dates from the period of the great pietistic movement in Norway, and is in the widest sense a poetical-philosophical summary of the interest for life of such a wave of strong religious feeling and fanaticism as that period witnessed. This great question certainly touched Ibsen's searching mind more than any other man's, far and wide. It is with the glaring light of his Diogenes' lantern that he reveals the scene as it is stereotyped in "Brand." If any moral sentence should be the motto of the book, it might be that of Goethe: "*Licht, mehr Licht!*" Broader views, better understanding! Ibsen is here questioning the right and value of the spiritual supremacy that some ardent natures claim (in religious matters) over their fellow-beings, and he shows the form such spiritual supremacy takes when the mind is powerfully agitated. Brand is the type of a leader, a prophet, a spiritual fire, as his name indicates, the reformer that will strike down and annihilate by the blaze of his wrath the dull and vicious vermin that poison the world and infect the pastoral herd, and will put up instead a new altar and establish a new devotion to God. He means to wake them up with his word as well as with his example. He is of unflinching belief in his right and his mission, a zealot with as narrow a view of Christianity as any of the fanatics fostered in those valleys where the mountains crowd out the sky and the hardships of life seem to lie in wait for one's very soul. As severe as is existence are the views of all those that strive for it. The word "sin" covers such a vast field of harmless enjoyment! The minds are shy and bitter, the deadening of the flesh is the highest achievement comprehended. The most innocent play incites severe reproof — how can feeling or compassion, warmth of heart and spontaneity, but freeze and crystallize in such surroundings?

Brand is an erring in his converting frenzy as are those that beguile him and finally drive him out beyond the boundaries of his parish into the lonely wilderness, to perish in the cold and snow. This utter lack of responsiveness, the absolute failure of his mission, strikes a harder death-blow than his exposure and his unhappiness. The doubt, the feeling of inability to understand more than one side of the reforming work, gnaws on his conscience; he feels overcome, and in the anguish of death the cry goes up to heaven whether after all, he has not been mistaken, whether the unswerving energy of his man's will shall not be the feature that redeems him; and he receives as an answer that God is not the God of law but of love. Thus

Brand sinks perishing at the feet of the mercy he has not understood, and the snow-storm that has swept around him covers him up and extinguishes the last sparks of the fire that burned so fervently.

To translate Ibsen, we may safely say, is by no means an easy task. How many efforts have been made in earlier times to interpret other masters of thought and fiction — such as Shakespeare, Byron, and Goethe — without succeeding in making the authors at home in a foreign literature. If Professor Hereford in his rendering of Ibsen is able to introduce him at his best to the American world of readers, the admirers and friends of the great poet cannot but be deeply beholden to the translator for his noble work. M. WERGELAND.

Champaign, Ill., April 21, 1894.

LOCAL USAGE IN AMERICAN SPEECH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The systematic study of American speech and customs is made difficult by the fact that no map has yet been made of the centres and currents of diversity of usage. In order that this may be done it is necessary that as many answers as possible be obtained to a number of test questions. Such a list has been prepared from questions suggested by members of the Modern Language Association of North America. I would call the attention of readers of THE DIAL to this list, and urge those that have interest in the matter to answer as many of the questions as they conveniently can, and forward the answers to me; or hand the list to some one who has the time and inclination to do so. Other information than that asked for will be gladly received, but would better be written on a separate sheet. It may be some time before the results of the investigation can be published, but when they are, THE DIAL will be notified. What is wanted is a report of natural speech, without regard to what dictionaries and teachers say is "correct." If a word or usage is in vogue only among the illiterate, mark it "I"; if only among negroes, "N"; if rare, "R." Correspondents will please write only on one side of the paper, and number the answers as the questions are.

1. State your name and present address. 2. Where was your usage formed? [Give county and state, and add "S," "SW," "C," etc., according as the county is in the southern, southwestern, or central part of the state. The basis of one's usage is usually what one hears between the years 8-18.]

3. Has your speech been modified by that of persons speaking differently from what is usual in your neighborhood? If so, explain. [For example, are your parents foreigners, or from another state, or have you been taught by or associated much with such persons?] 4. Where did most of the settlers in your neighborhood come from? 41. If there is a large foreign population, of what nationality is it?

5. Is to you the word "stoop" (= porch) familiar, strange, or unknown? 6. Is "hayou" to you a familiar word or a book word? 7. If a familiar word, does the first syllable rhyme with "by" or "bay"? 8. Does the second rhyme with "go" or "you"? 9. Are the two syllables separated by the sound of *y* in "yet"? 10. Which syllable has the stress? 11. At what time of day do you begin to say "Good evening"? 12. Do you speak of the "forenoon"? 13. Of the "afternoon"? 14. Do you say "Good forenoon"? 15. "Good afternoon"? 16. Do you use "pack" in the sense of "carry"? 17. Does "you all" mean "every one of you" or sim-

- ply "you"? 18. Which word has the stress? 19. If you say "you all," do you do so in speaking to one person? 20. Is "yous" in use for "you"? 21. Is "you'n's" used for "you"? 22. Is "yous" used in speaking to one person. 23. Is "you'n's"? 24. Do you say "What all did he say"? 25. "Who all were there"? 26. Is "a bunch of cattle" familiar to you? 27. Would you say "I want up" = "I want to get up"? 28. Would you say "The butter is all" = "It is gone, there is no more"? 29. Do you occasionally say "I guess" = "I think"? 30. Do you occasionally say "I reckon" = "I think"? 31. Might you say "I wonder if I shall get to go" = "shall be able to go"? 32. Would you say "I got to go riding yesterday" = "I had the opportunity"? 33. Do you say "I shall wait on you" = "for you"? 34. Do you use "carry" in the sense of "escort"? 35. Is the word "creek" in common use? 36. Does it usually rhyme with "speak" or with "stick"? 37. Is "tole" to you a common word, or a comparatively recent slang word? 38. Just what does it mean? 39. Would you say "Just taste (smell, feel) of it"? 40. Or "Just taste it"? etc.
41. Does "to" rhyme with "grow" or with "true"? 42. Do you pronounce "where" and "wear," "whet," and "set" alike? 43. Has anyone ever said he thought you pronounced *wh* like *w*? 44. Do you pronounce "excursion" with the *sh*-sound in "shun" or that of *s* in "vision"? 45. In which (if any) of the following does *s* have the sound of *z*: "the grease," "to grease," "greasy"? 46. Do you pronounce *th* in the following cases as in "thick" or as in the ': (a) with "em, (b) with me, (c) with all'? 47. Do *thought*, *taught*, *ought*, *daughter*, *author*, *etc.*, sound like "hot"? 48. Does the vowel in "hot" resemble that in "law" or that in "board," or neither?
49. Which of the following words usually have *a* as in "cat," or nearly that? 50. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in "make"? 501. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in *art*? 51. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in "all"? *after*, *almond*, *answer*, *ant*, *ask*, *aunt*, *basket*, *calf*, *calm*, *can't*, *command*, *dance*, *draft*, *drama*, *fasten*, *gape*, *glass*, *grasp*, *half*, *haunt*, *laugh*, *ma'm* (in "yes ma'm," etc.), *nasty*, *past*, *path*, *plant*, *psalm*, *rather*, *salmon*, *sample*, *sha'n't*, *staff*.
52. Which is most usual: "pa'pa," "papa," "pap" or "pa"? 521. If "pap" does the *a* sound as in "art," "hat," or "all"? 53. If "pa," does the *a* sound as in "art," "hat," or "all"? 54. Do you say "down' town" or "down town"?
55. Is the word "shilling" in use in business? If so, what is its value? 56. Is "levy" in use? If so, what is its value? 57. Is "bit" in use? If so, what is its value? 58. Is "fip" in use? If so, what is its value? 59. Do you call the pipe that conducts smoke from a stove to the chimney a "stovepipe" or a "funnel"? 60. Do you call a small tin vessel of the size of a cup and with a tin looped (not long straight) handle a "tin cup" or a "dipper"? 61. Would you call an iron utensil having a large open top and used for boiling potatoes, meat, etc., a "pot" or a "kettle"? 62. If large and made of brass, what would you call it? 63. Would you call a wooden vessel for carrying water, etc., a "pail" or a "bucket"? 64. What would you call a similar vessel of tin for carrying water, milk, etc.? 65. Would you call a covered tin vessel for carrying a small amount of milk or a dinner a "pail," a "can," or a "kettle"? 66. Do you say "frying pan," "skillet," or "spider"? 67. If more than one, how do you differentiate?

GEORGE HEMPL.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., April 20, 1894.

The New Books.

PASQUIER'S PICTURES OF NAPOLEONIC TIMES.*

Chancellor Pasquier's second volume, covering the period (1812-1814) from the French advance on Moscow to the first Bourbon restoration, serves on the whole to strengthen the favorable impression left by the first. As a picture of Napoleonic times it is of special value — partly in that it is the account of a fresh witness and not a mere editorial pouring of old wine into new bottles, and partly because the witness himself is a rarely competent one. As prefect of police under the Consulate and the Empire, it was his official duty to keep himself informed on public matters and to carefully sift and generalize his information. Police business, too, at that time of civil unrest and shifting opinion, took on a color strongly political. Briefly, then, we are to regard Pasquier as a first-rate authority on the questions handled in this volume, and not as the mere *quidnunc* and retailer of the current political chit-chat of the period of Napoleon's waning fortunes.

The narrative opens, as we have said, at the outset of the Russian campaign. The early optimistic bulletins from the Grand Army did not, says Pasquier, impose on those at Paris in a position and a temper to judge coolly of the Fabian policy of the Russian commanders. The continuous retrograde movement, from which many drew the brightest conclusions, was rightly viewed by others as the result of a system the primary object of which was to exhaust the French army by long marches through a country in which it had no base of supplies, and to draw it away from its stores and reinforcements. It was even feared—and with reason, as the event proved—that Napoleon himself would end in sharing the illusions he sought to disseminate. His situation was, even at the outset when he had most to hope, and irrespective of the inherent dangers of a Russian campaign, a serious one. The peace concluded between Russia and Turkey had released a Russian army corps and left it free to attack the French in the rear. It was known, moreover, that a meeting had taken place at Abo between the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Royal of Sweden, and that an under-

standing was reached allowing the Russian troops to leave their cantonments in Finland and march to the rescue of Riga; to this was to be added the diversion likely to be made in Pomerania by a Swedish army. Yet in the face of it all Napoleon decided, after taking Smolensk, not to halt his sorely fatigued troops for rest, but to move on to Moscow! Had he halted for the winter on the Düna, he might, Pasquier thinks, have organized in his rear the old Polish provinces, and have thus placed himself in a position either to dictate a peace or begin a decisive campaign in the Spring. The apparent infatuation of the Emperor was freely censured by his officials at Paris. Said M. Decrès, the Minister of Marine, after detailing the facts just noted :

"What everybody sees the Emperor does not see, or else he is mad enough to cast from him all that seems to run counter to his presumptuous hopes. In the meanwhile Marmont is being beaten in Spain, and, within six months, the result of his defeat may be the loss of Spain. . . . All this, moreover, has not and will not have any effect on him. He will imagine that he can find a way out of the difficulty, by making a further demand for conscripts; the Senate has just turned over one hundred and forty thousand of them to him, which makes four hundred and forty thousand for the year; and do you think that a rope on which there is such a tension can endure for any length of time?—No, I tell you he is a lost man."

Evidently the Napoleonic superstition, like the Napoleonic star, had already begun to wane. Meanwhile the Emperor pursued his fatal journey. On September 7 the battle of the Moskowa was fought, and a victory was won, which, however, at Paris, "struck consternation into the hearts of the most steadfast of Napoleon's friends, and produced a sort of stupor in the public mind." The road to Moscow lay open; but never, in twenty years of stubborn combats, had so many generals and officers of note been killed or wounded. The substantial fruits of victory, moreover, were lost through default. All are agreed that the battle of the Moskowa was wrongly engaged by the Emperor — who was, however, it is fair to say, indisposed, and consequently obliged to act largely on the advice of his generals. Moreover, after the day was won, argues Pasquier, by refusing to send his guard into action, he failed to complete the rout of the Russians and allowed them to organize their retreat and to re-form their lines without hindrance. "He therefore, through his own fault, reduced almost to nothing the result of this so eagerly sought for battle." The truth is that Napoleon's situation, after crossing the Niemen, was such that he had no

*A HISTORY OF MY TIME: Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Edited by the Duc D'Audifret-Pasquier. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Volume II., 1812-1814. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

knowledge whatever of the disposal or numbers of the forces opposed to him. He had completely lost his reckoning, or was, at least, feeling his way by the roughest of dead-reckoning. Perhaps, like Wallenstein, he trusted to what he called his "star"—an astronomical or astrological figment whose baleful influence on the fortunes of France culminated in 1871. The swarms of Cossacks did not permit him to extend his reconnoitring beyond a league or so, and as the peasantry fled at his approach all means of getting information were shut off. It is known that he was for two days after the battle of Moskowa unable to discover the road by which the Russian army was retreating. Is it not, then, asks Pasquier,—

"Perfectly just to conclude that his enterprise, conceived with the greatest rashness, was no less madly executed, without any settled plan of campaign, without any assured means of communication with the reinforcements of which he daily stood in greater need? Pursuing, as he was, an enemy whose strength was unknown to him, he was marching on Moscow without being able to say what he would do when he reached there, seemingly under the impression that everything depended on his occupying that capital."

While thus severely and justly criticising Bonaparte's Russian venture, Pasquier does not fail to note his returning energy and resourcefulness amid the thickening disasters of the retreat. He says :

"If, on the one hand, no other man but Napoleon could have conceived and ventured on so mad an expedition, on the other he was the only man whom it could not crush. So magnetic was the power which he exercised over the men who perished while following him, that not the slightest sign of disobedience manifested itself, that not a murmur arose from the ranks of an army which was dying of cold and hunger. Such an example has never been set the world, and Napoleon has never appeared greater than those who saw him on the banks of the Beresina, walking along those unknown shores, stick in hand, absorbed in a study of the chances remaining to him of concealing from the enemy the crossing of the river by his army, giving his orders with undisturbed, unruffled coolness, and finally triumphing over a difficulty which would have seemed insurmountable to any other man."

Napoleon left Moscow in October, 1812, and reached Paris on the 18th of December, at midnight. On the following Sunday, at his usual levee, says Pasquier, "he approached me most affably, and whispered to me so that I alone should hear his words: 'And so, Monsieur le Préfet, you too have had your day of tribulation; there is no lack of such in a man's life!'"

To explain this allusion of the Emperor's, let us a retrace our steps a little. The discontent awakened at Paris by the later bulletins from the Grand Army naturally inspired the Gov-

ernment's enemies, of whatever political stripe, with the hope of overthrowing it; and towards the end of October a most audacious scheme to that end came to the surface. We allude, of course, to the famous Malet conspiracy. As this episode falls peculiarly within Pasquier's competency as a witness, and as he avers, moreover, that received accounts of it are more or less falsified, it may be worth while to devote some space to his version.

The hero of the plot, General Malet, a restless spirit whose ardent ("virulent" is Pasquier's word) republicanism neither the woes of the Terror nor the glories of the Empire could shake, was at the time no longer a young man. He began his military career in the *mousquetaires*; with the Revolution he became a zealous *patriote*, and he rejoined the army in 1792; in 1799 he was a *général de brigade*. His services were dispensed with in the first days of the Empire, when he settled in Paris and at once began plotting against the man whom he regarded as the assassin of the liberties of France. Probably, at bottom, Malet was one of those chronic malcontents who naturally constitute the radicals of any given polity or arrangement whatsoever—provided only it exists. As with the newly-arrived Hibernian immigrant of the story, the phrase "agin the government" might at any time and under any conditions have precisely defined his political attitude. At any rate, about 1809, the General's sinister activities landed him in the prison of La Force, whence, in 1812, he was transferred, through the indulgence of Fouché, who owed him a kindness, to a private hospital in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Here he was only nominally a prisoner; escape was easy, and there was no obstacle in the way of intercourse with the outer world. Naturally, he did not neglect his opportunities. On entering the hospital he found there several kindred spirits, MM. de Polignac, Berthier de Sauvigny, M. de Puyvert, and the Abbé Lafon—the last of whom, only, it is important for us to note. As this coterie were held as participants in a royalist plot, it will be seen that the General and his fellow captives were by no means birds of a political feather, the bond between them being rather a common hatred than a common ideal. The tie, however, sufficed; a comfortable *modus vivendi* was established, and things went merrily forward. In M. Lafon, Malet found a zealous ally—one, it is said, who, despite his cloth and his politics, did not scruple to diligently fan the flame of his friend's repub-

lican ardor. About this time, as we have seen, events in Russia were exciting the gravest alarm at Paris, and it naturally occurred to Malet that the moment had come to strike. He persuaded himself that the downfall of Napoleon might be compassed by a very slight action, and it was on the basis of this idea that he laid his plans. These were very simple :

"They consisted in taking advantage of the night to make an appearance at the gates of a couple of barracks, make announcement of the death of Napoleon, read out an alleged senatus-consultum repealing the Imperial Government, establishing a provisional government, and investing General Malet with all the powers necessary to take command of the armed force, to require and command it as he should see fit; to thus get for his use a *cohorte* and one battalion of the regiment; to lead and send detachments of these two bodies to such points as it was most important to occupy; to employ it in arresting public functionaries whose resistance was most to be feared; this done, to publish and proclaim the spurious senatus-consultum throughout the city; call to them the discontented men of whatever shade, of whatever party, and assemble at the Hôtel de Ville the most important among them; form a provisional government with them, with the aid of which they fondly expected to conquer every kind of opposition and win the obedience and assent of all France."

Such were in their entirety the operations to be carried out by General Malet and M. Lafon after leaving the hospital at eight o'clock on the night of October 23. The scheme ("an act of madness," Pasquier calls it) had, of course, a hundred inherent difficulties; and there was one very patent obstacle which alone should have given the conspirators pause. This was the presence, in the environs of Paris and within easy call, of some 5,000 troops of the Imperial Guard — a corps devoted to the Emperor, the Empress, and the King of Rome. Malet should have known, moreover, that the Guard was not subject to orders he proposed to have sent from staff headquarters.

When the plot burst there remained in the hospital only Malet, Lafon, and de Puyvert, the last of whom took no part whatever in its execution. Its responsibility, therefore, falls entirely upon the General and the Abbé, the latter's assertion that he had many correspondents and that extensive preparations had been made for a rising being formally disproved by our author. In a word, surprise, bewilderment, was to be the order of the day, the conspirators trusting that in the political chaos following the news of Napoleon's death, their own swift, concerted, and definite action would effect the ends they desired. They found no difficulty in leaving the hospital on the evening named, and proceeded at once to a room in the Rue

Saint-Gilles, where they found two confederates awaiting them, Boutreux, a young advocate of Angers, and Rateau, corporal in the 1st battalion of the Paris *garde*, who brought the watchword. These two men, says Pasquier, together with a Spanish priest who occupied the room where the meeting was held, "are the only persons who are clearly known to have been entrusted in advance with the secret of the conspiracy." The business of drawing up the spurious documents was at once begun. These were the senatus-consultum, the proclamation, an order of the day signed by Malet, and two letters of instruction as to the distribution and duties of the troops, the one addressed to M. Soulier, commanding the 10th *cohorte*, the other to M. Rouff, commanding the 2d battalion of the *garde de Paris*. These papers were not only faulty in point of form, but they provided for a *régime* which was, to say the least, extraordinary. The senatus-consultum, on the one hand, named as members of the provisional government men known for their royalist and anti-revolutionary sentiments; while the order of the day handed over the army to Generals Guidal, Desnoyers, and Pailhardy, all pronounced revolutionaries, and it appointed to the command of a central Parisian force General Lecourbe, a violent Jacobin, and a personal enemy of Napoleon. Plainly, the astute Abbé was the author of the senatus-consultum, and General Malet of the order of the day. The greater part of the night was spent over these sufficiently clumsy writings, and it was half-past three when Malet, with Rateau, reached the Popincourt barracks, the quarters of the 10th *cohorte*. Soulier, the commander, was ill with fever.

"The announcement of the Emperor's death, superadded to his sickness, upset his faculty of reasoning; he believed without hesitation and without verification all that was told him, and gave orders that the senatus-consultum and the proclamation should be read to the troops, which he then placed at the general's disposal."

A like success awaiting Malet at the Minimes barracks, he presently had at his disposal about 1200 soldiers. To direct and handle these soldiers resolute and experienced men were required, and our hero at once set about getting them, with an energy and a fertility of resource worthy of the great Emperor himself. In the prison of La Force were two political captives, Generals Lahorie and Guidal, who, once at liberty, could undoubtedly be relied upon for coöperation; and Malet at once resolved to secure them.

"In their case, also, he made use of the senatus-con-

sultum, and he confirmed to them the news of the Emperor's death, successful in this as in his previous undertakings. . . . It was half-past six o'clock when he made his appearance at La Force, followed by a section of the *cohorte*; the remainder had gone to occupy the Hôtel de Ville. The doorkeeper of the jail, seeing a body of soldiers, in good order, and commanded by a general in uniform, had no doubt that he was acting lawfully, and hastened to obey him."

Lahorie and Guidal were accordingly at once released, and the former received orders to proceed, with a squad of soldiers, to the *Préfecture de Police*, and to arrest the prefect (M. Pasquier), installing in his place Bouteux, who accompanied him. This disposed of, he was to arrest the Due de Rovigo, the Minister of War, and himself assume his functions. As to Malet, he took with him 150 men, and proceeded to the military headquarters in the Place Vendôme, whither we shall follow him presently. It was past seven o'clock when Lahorie reached the *Préfecture de Police*. Says Pasquier :

"I had just arisen from my bed, when I heard considerable noise coming from the rooms leading to my bedroom. My valet left me to ascertain the cause of all this commotion. On finding himself in the presence of soldiery, he tried to stop its further progress, and barred the way to my door, displaying in so doing remarkable devotion; he was thrust aside, and received a bayonet wound in the leg. I was attempting to reach the stairway leading to the garden, when I was assailed by a band of soldiers, led by an officer, who forced me to return to my bedroom, while forbidding his men to lay violent hands on me. This officer, whom I did not recognize, wore a mantle; his characteristic feature, his incipient baldness, was concealed by a large hat. It was General Lahorie. He informed me of the death of the Emperor, killed under the walls of Moscow, and notified me of the alleged *senatus-consultum*, which he, however, did not let me read. He likewise told me that the citizen Bouteux was going to assume my functions, and then made me a prisoner in my own room, placing a couple of soldiers on guard over me."

From the *Préfecture* Lahorie hastened to the Ministry of Police. Here a far more exciting scene was enacted, which, however, need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that the Due de Rovigo was arrested and hurried away to La Force by General Guidal, an inveterate personal enemy, who was only restrained by his superior from obeying to the letter Malet's order "to have recourse to the most violent methods." Lahorie, who signed the commitment, had at once usurped the minister's functions, with the object, as he subsequently declared at his own trial, of saving Rovigo's life. This assertion, says Pasquier, "Is not consonant with truth, for immediately upon being installed in the official residence, he sent for a tailor, of whom he ordered the habit of a minister; he then entered the carriage of his predecessor, and had

himself driven to the Hôtel de Ville where he presented himself as Minister of Police."

Meanwhile, Pasquier, still under guard in his bedroom, had prevailed on the unwary Bouteux to show him the *senatus-consultum* and the proclamation. A glance confirmed his suspicions that both were apochryphal. He was still pondering over the probable outcome of this mad enterprise, when a sub-lieutenant of the *cohorte*, one Lefèvre, entered the room with an order for his commitment to La Force, whither he was at once conveyed. Arrived at the prison, he was handed over to Lebeau, the jailor — a worthy man, who, says Pasquier, "owed his situation to me." "As soon as the doors were closed behind me," he adds, "he placed himself at my disposal." From Lebeau Pasquier learned the events of the early morn, when Lahorie and Guidal had been freed, and also that the Duc de Rovigo and M. Desmarests had just been registered as prisoners. Obviously, in La Force, the Prefect was as little under duress as were the General and the Abbé in the sanitarium of Saint-Antoine; and he was about "escaping" — with the kindly connivance of Mme. Lebeau — by a side entrance, when M. Saulnier, the Due de Rovigo's secretary, and M. Laborde, the town adjutant, arrived with the news that all was over, and that Generals Malet and Lahorie were under arrest.

The following is what hastened the issue : On reaching the Place Vendôme, Malet proceeded to the house of General Hulin, commander of the military division. Leaving his troop at the door, he mounted to the General's room, accompanied by two or three of his officers. Here he informed Hulin of the Emperor's death; but noting, as he thought, a cloud of disbelief on his face, he bade him step into an adjoining room to look over the vouchers. The luckless Hulin acquiesced; and no sooner had the door closed behind them than Malet shot him dead with a pistol — thus indicating the degree of "violence" he expected from his lieutenants. Having perpetrated this crime, Malet hurried back to his command. By this time, as may be supposed, it had been noticed that something wrong was passing at General Hulin's, and an alarm was raised. Still, Malet managed to gain admission to General Doucet, chief of the staff, who was at the time reading the *senatus-consultum* just handed him. Doucet had detected the forgery, and was protesting against the imposture. Noting this, the now desperate Malet drew his pistol, and was

about to dispose of Doucet as he had already disposed of Hulin, when Adjutant Laborde promptly disarmed him and placed him under arrest, and then summoned to his aid the troops that guarded the residence. The soldiers of the *cohorte*, however, on learning what had happened, at once surrendered to Laborde and General Doucet. Thus, all was over with General Malet, after a rather amazing success of four or five hours' duration.

Pasquier goes rather fully into the subsequent trials—especially that of Lahorie, whose case was a singularly hard one. It is pretty evident that he was completely deceived. As for Malet himself, it is due to his memory to say that he did not hesitate, at his trial, to assume entire responsibility for the foolhardy enterprise, expressly exonerating his companions, and revealing thereby the strain of nobility in his character. As with so many Frenchmen of that time, his political ideal inspired him with the fervor and fanaticism of a religious belief; and he died for it cheerfully. It is something of a satisfaction to know that he died a soldier's death—by the bullet. He summed up his cause in these few words: "The man who has constituted himself the defender of his country has no need of any defence; he triumphs, or goes to his death."

Malet, Lahorie, Guidal, Boccheiampe, Soulier, and eight officers, were sentenced to death, and shot the next morning on the plain of Grenelle. "And I am of opinion," says Pasquier mildly, "that a lesser number might have been brought to trial, and that fewer lives might have been sacrificed." As Malet was probably the only victim (except Boutreux) who was actually guilty of the charge laid, the Prefect's "opinion" seems not unreasonable.

It remains to account for M. Lafon—the good Abbé who discreetly vanished when the waves ran high. He was diligently hunted, as it was known that if the Royalist party had countenanced the conspiracy, the threads of it could only be grasped by securing him. All efforts proved unavailing, however; and M. Lafon, it seems, busied himself thenceforth in dodging from one hiding-place to another (doing, meanwhile, as much mischief as was compatible with his personal safety), until the Restoration enabled him to float serenely to the surface.

Chancellor Pasquier has supplementally styled his Memoir "A History of My Time," thus forestalling a possible stricture that he has, in composing it, unduly subordinated biog-

raphy to history. Throughout the work there is an abundance of historical and political narrative, with the sagacious, well-weighed views and judgments of Pasquier the statesman; but there is relatively little that might serve to bring us closer to Pasquier the man. The book is richer in political reflection and criticism than in *personalia* and anecdote—though the latter elements are not absent. Of humor we discover no trace. The Chancellor's story flows on with the dignity and philosophic calm—at times with a degree of the penetration—of a De Tocqueville; and one notes throughout a certain stateliness of phrase, a balance of period, and an elimination of color and detail, traceable, perhaps, to the classicist standards of the writer's earlier years. Closing with the departure of the Allies from Paris, the volume covers an eventful period—a time of shifting political fortunes, of fateful struggles on the field and in the cabinet. Pasquier treats of these matters with a largeness of view and a precision of knowledge that will commend his work to all serious students of the Napoleonic era. The good work of the translator, Mr. Charles E. Roche, calls for a word of praise.

E. G. J.

AN INDEX-GUIDE TO VENETIAN PAINTERS.*

Few things are more irritating to the average man than to be told his taste in pictures is bad. In the matter of books, he has probably acquired habits of submission at an early age; but in most cases he is first seriously introduced to pictures when of mature years. He is jealous of his personal rights; he refuses to be dictated to by self-constituted connoisseurs; but he generally ends by quietly acquiescing in their judgments and by reverently if unintelligently prostrating himself before each and every canvas that may happen to be called after the orthodox masters. This is as it should be, because untrained instinct is just as likely to miss in pictures as in books or in life,—and half-trained instinct is sure to miss. But there are difficulties in the way of the neophyte in the galleries of Europe, especially of Italy. He sees the name of, say, Leonardo da Vinci in his catalogue or on the frame before him. In his new submissiveness he straightway worships—a much-rubbed copy by a pupil of a picture by a pupil of Leonardo. Italy is full of these

* THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

false painted idols. How they came to be—by the unscrupulous vanity of picture fanciers, by sheer carelessness, by honestly stupid attribution,—this does not concern us here. Enough that they exist, and are a trap for the unwary. Existing in such numbers, moreover, these lying attributions have of late years piqued connoisseurship to finer and more exact methods, which, aided by the growth of rapid transit and the perfection of isochromatic photography, are now capable of practically certain conclusions. Such up-to-date attributions are to be found in Mr. Berenson's account of "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," which is among the very first fruits in English of the new art criticism. With Mr. Berenson's Indexes in hand, the student and the traveller may feel reasonably confident of worshipping, at least among Venetian masters, no false or unknown gods. He will find two catalogue-indexes: one to the works of the principal Venetian painters in the public galleries, private collections, and churches of Europe; the other to the various places in Europe containing these works.

But the serious lay-student needs fuller instruction yet. He may stand before the right picture in the wrong mood. It is true that most people will object most strenuously against having their moods cut out for them. Titian, they will say, has not the same message for everyone; everyone has a right to his own particular reading of the master. Now we believe this much-flaunted relativity of tastes to be wrong. If painting is to give higher pleasure than cooking, it must appeal to our intelligence as well as to our senses. And it can only do so by conveying some sort of meaning. Now Titian's meaning, being expressed in a definite and peculiar picture-language, is not open to the chance comer any more than the meaning of a Parisian is open to a German who has never learned French. Indeed, the picture-language of Titian is even more difficult to the un instructed than the sound-language of the Parisian. To translate the former for ourselves we must have acquainted ourselves with the nature and limits of picture-language in general and of Titian's picture-language in particular; we must know if and how far the religious and political prejudices of his time allowed him to paint his meaning as clearly and plainly as the medium permitted; in fine, we must slowly and at many pains learn numerous things of which the chance comer has no conception whatsoever. The sensible student, therefore, will stoop

to conquer,—will prefer being right to being original. Now to say, indeed, that Mr. Berenson's luminous and condensed translation of the picture-language of Venetian painters is in all respects right, would be to assume for ourselves a finality even greater. His interpretations are at least plausible and suggestive, and the historical nexus of which they form links is clearly and graphically presented.

It would be unjust to his own disclaimer to attempt to crowd the progress of Venetian art into any single formula; but very roughly speaking, Venetian painters may be said in the first place to have been formed under the tutelage of the Church, then later to have passed through the stage of the patronage of the city to the final independence of the schools. And still more roughly, the three stages may be typified by the *Pietà*, the *Pageant*, and the *Portrait*. But we are indulging in generalizations for which the soberer study before us hardly gives warrant.

The make-up of the book is tasteful outside and in, from the pretty Venetian binding to the frontispiece, a reproduction of Giorgione's fascinating "Shepherd with Pipe." Some hesitation may be felt as to the primer-like method of paragraphing with numerals in bold type; this device undoubtedly facilitates reference, but it breaks continuity of attention and spoils the page. In so short a book the device hardly seems necessary.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

NEW CHAPTERS OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY.*

Lieutenant von Höhnell's book of travels in Africa is one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of that country that has been published in many a year; and had it appeared three years ago, when African explorers were the rage of the day, would have made a marked sensation. It possesses every qualification to insure to it a positive success and permanent value. It is written in a dignified and interesting narrative style, without any of the cheap and ejaculative dialogues that disfigure Stanley's books; with no pretense at literary art, but with the impressiveness of intelligent simplicity and directness. The line of travel of the two explorers—Count Teleki, a Transylvanian no-

* *DISCOVERY BY COUNT TELEKI OF LAKES RUDOLPH AND STEFANIE.* By his companion, Lieut. Ludwig von Höhnell. Translated by Nancy Bell (N. D'Anvers). In two volumes, with illustrations and colored maps. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

bleman, and Lieut. von Höhnell, who is the chief narrator—was, in the earlier stages, the familiar one of Livingstone and Stanley inland from Mombasa in Zanzibar, the oldest mission station in eastern Africa. Instead of going westward to Victoria Nyanza, they turned northward through the mountain regions, which they thoroughly explored; through the wild and uncultivated Masailand, and the shunned and dreaded Kikuyaland; discovering new volcanoes, and discovering and thoroughly investigating two great lakes which they named for the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, Rudolf and Stefanie. Lake Rudolf is about one-third the size of the Victoria Nyanza.

The trickiness, greediness, quarrelsomeness, and elusiveness of the Africans, the rebuffs, disappointments, and obstacles so trying to the patience of other African explorers, were promptly encountered by these travellers; and the Lieutenant says, "We soon gave up the idea that we could wander around Africa in a light-hearted, careless way." Indeed, the paraphernalia of an African trip would prohibit any thought of care-free days. These two sportsmen started from Zanzibar with two hundred Zanzibari, nine guides, nine guards, and four hundred and fifty porters, and a vast number of cattle and donkeys. The food for such a regiment of men would be no light burden or consideration, the wages no small sum. The list of the arms and ammunition is in itself astonishing.

It is with a pleasant sense of renewal of old acquaintance that we find in the early pages of this work, among the newly engaged guides and escorts, the names of various dusky natives of varying reliability who served with Stanley, Thomson, Junker, the unfortunate Bishop Hannington, and other travellers; and we even note that itinerant culinary treasure, Speke's and Cameron's cook, Mhogo.

Among the most thrilling pages are those which tell of the ascent of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Mt. Kenia, Mt. Kibo. Those of us who are familiar with the old missionary accounts of Africa will remember that these mountains were discovered about the middle of this century by missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of London, and that the story told by those pious gentlemen, of snow-capped peaks so close to the equator, was universally discredited. Not recalling that these missionaries travelled with any extraordinary outfit or attendance, I have searched for and re-read their story, and find that the journey to the mountains, which required seven hundred followers in

1886, was made by Parson Rebman in 1848 with nine men and "weaponed only with an umbrella."

Lieutenant von Höhnell's description of the primeval forests found on these mountains, forests which no man could penetrate save through paths trodden by the mighty elephants; of the giant trees, dead through their burden of strange, weird, clinging parasites and lurid-flowered creepers; with the painful stillness, unbroken by cry of bird or beast or hum of insect, where even at midday, under a tropical sun, a chill, gloomy, greenish twilight prevailed,—this forceful story makes us comprehend and almost feel the welcome which our travellers gave in the higher grass-belt to a cheerful, homely, well-known face—that of our common violet.

The description of the happy life in Taveta—that orderly, prosperous African Arcadia—confirms Joseph Thomson's account in his "Through Masailand." We can but wonder that some Aryan race has not ere now chosen and invaded that highly blessed and charming spot, and there founded a colony; though this would never seem feasible while there still exists in eastern Africa the slave-trade, and no means of transport from the coast save by human carriers.

These travellers cannot boast, as does Dr. Johnston in his recent book of African travel, that they did not lose a follower by death. Scores fell by the wayside, were lost or drowned, or died of fever. All endured great privations, horrible thirst, sicknesses, and dangers, and were in waterless Samburu in very desperate straits. So gaunt was Count Teleki, a powerful giant whose normal weight was two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, that he weighed but a hundred and forty pounds.

One of the objects of the expedition was the pursuit of big game, as well as "heroic ardour to adventurous deeds," and in that end it was signally successful. Many of the records of the hunts are most spirited and thrilling. I have had curiosity enough to make a summary of the game shot by Count Teleki from February 18 to September 28, and find he bagged seventy-nine rhinoceroses, three hippopotami, thirty-eight elephants, one giraffe, two lions, one panther, one wildcat, one leopard, and a vast number of buffalo, antelope, zebras, hartebeests, and other variety of deer. The infrequency of the slaughter of or encounter with members of the feline tribe is notable, and confirms the reports of recent African travellers

(except of Mr. Selous in Mashonaland) that the African lion and his congeners are fast becoming as extinct as the sabre-toothed tiger of the Drift in western Europe.

Lieutenant von Höhnell does not appear to have been so successful a shot as his companion, and the records of wounded and maimed brutes that escaped death or capture are painfully frequent to an unsportsmanlike and besmircher sensibility. Such accounts as this are interesting, probably, to a hunter :

"A great yellowish-brown creature suddenly came in sight at a distance of eighty paces. It was a giraffe; but I was so taken by surprise at seeing it so near me and far from the steppes these shy creatures generally haunt, that I could not at first believe my eyes. I crept cautiously nearer so as to get a good view of the body and choose the best point at which to aim. The giraffe, a splendid full-grown male, did not budge, but went on feeding on the tender topmost leaves on an acacia, without the slightest suspicion of danger. All the hunter's zeal laid to rest among the quantities of game awoke within me again, and as I approached I spied a second smaller giraffe, and realized that the two were a pair who had withdrawn together to the forest. After long consideration as to where the heart might be in a body of a form so unfamiliar to me, I fired. The buck was wounded to death; and as he struggled in his last agonies, he turned slowly towards his wife, who stood rooted to the spot, her great gazelle-like eyes fixed on her mate. The hunting fever once roused, I had lost all mercy, and I did not hesitate to fire at the female. Though both now were mortally wounded, the two remained standing, with their forelegs stuck out in front of them; so I put a rapid end to their sufferings by firing again. The little wife was the first to die; she fell forwards, and then wound her long neck over on the left till her head almost touched her tail. I did not actually see the buck die, as I was watching the passing away of his mate. . . . I am sorry now I did not measure the male. The size of wild giraffes is ever so much greater than one would imagine from seeing them in zoölogical gardens only, and the largest elephant I saw did not impress me as half so imposing as a half-grown giraffe. The flesh tastes not unlike venison. The skin is nearly as thick as that of buffalo, and tremendously tough. . . . I also came upon another pair of giraffes which gazed upon me inquisitively and made no effort to escape. Though there was really no need to secure any more meat, I could not refrain from firing at the male. Mortally wounded, he tried to save himself from falling by standing with forelegs wide apart whilst he swayed his long neck to and fro. A second shot brought him down. His wife ran off at the first shot for scarcely two hundred paces, and then remained standing, gazing sadly at her mate, not even moving away when we busted ourselves about his corpse."

It is with a certain sense of retributive justice that we read the record of the Lieutenant's first elephant hunt, where he was successful in bringing down other game.

"I raised the heavy gun and fired at the shoulder near the edge of the huge unwieldly ear. At the same moment I got a tremendous blow in the face, and saw

blood streaming down on the still smoking gun. . . . The wounded elephant approached a step nearer and was apparently about to charge. There he stood, drawn up to his full height, so that he looked enormously tall and thin, his ears outspread, and his trunk, which he wound in serpentine coils, threateningly uplifted. On either side of him, shoulder to shoulder, stood two of his comrades, also with outspread ears and uplifted trunks, whilst behind him loomed the fourth. Motionless the four remained, sniffing the air and peering toward our acacia, the silence only broken by the dripping down of my blood. I had been almost stunned by the blow on my face, and my mad zeal for hunting was gone, and I felt incapable of firing another shot however necessary in my own defence. Presently the elephants all turned tail and dashed off, the noise of cracking branches gradually dying away. I now discovered that my nose was split nearly open, the right nostril hanging loose. The bands of the elephant-gun have a strong tendency to fly up in firing. The sharp-edged comb of the left hammer had slit up one nostril, and cut the bridge of my nose. I bound up my nose as well as I could, noted the direction of the elephants' spoor, and returned to camp in the dark. Count Teleki did not let me go till my face was done up in a regular mask as stiff as plaster of Paris. The wound was not painful, but it was six weeks before it healed. A small scar and a numbness of the tip of the nose still remind me of my first elephant hunt."

It is impossible to overpraise the variety and exactness of the information given in this work, nor the lucidity and conciseness of its expression. With these volumes in hand, one could purchase the exact stock necessary for travel in eastern Equatorial Africa ; could know what to select for trading purposes, what to employ to facilitate progress through the various states. We are shown the best methods of packing these wares ; the best food for the journey, and the proper proportions of food. Though the expedition was not formed with scientific intent, its scientific results were eminently satisfactory. Ethnological, ethnographical, and sociological questions receive due attention throughout the pages, and show careful, unbiased, and unimaginative investigation. The geological and petrographical results were important, and have been recorded in the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna. The orological surveys were of exceptional value. The entomological and botanical lists given in the appendix are attractive, and reveal many hitherto unknown species and varieties ; indeed, one of the most charming characteristics of the book is the love of nature shown in the constant description of flowers and trees. The vigilant eyes of the travellers, and what La Bruyere called the spirit of discernment, noted every detail of natural phenomena with the same intent love that Emin Pasha bestowed on like subjects, and that Stanley so constantly derided.

Large and strongly-affixed maps, showing ethnological, geographical, geological, and other statistical data; a glossary of native words and phrases, and an exceptionally good index, make perfect the book. As a piece of book-making it can scarcely be surpassed, not only in its orderliness and good literary proportions, but in its mechanical attributes. I have not noted in the eight hundred pages a single typographical error; paper and print are alike perfect. The illustrations, chiefly taken from photographs, are profuse in number, equally interesting and varied, and (of the native men and women) are hideous and startling enough to satisfy the most crying demands for novelty. Weapons, costumes, headgear, and ornaments are liberally portrayed. The grotesque presentments of the latter would have proved invaluable to Mme. Cocheris for her new book, "Les Parures Primitives."

On closing the book we are impressed that there is scarcely any attribute a successful African explorer does not need, for all seem absolutely imperative: health, wealth, patience, courage, endurance, craft, enthusiasm, asceticism, handiness at every trade and calling,—but, above all, energy. Emerson says: "This world belongs to the energetic." Certainly Africa does.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

Mr. Fenollosa's "East and West" consists of two long and very ambitious poems, and a number of minor pieces. The titular poem is a sort of versified *Culturgeschichte*, philosophical and mystical, in spirit not unlike Mr. Block's "El Nuevo Mundo," which we reviewed a year or so ago. In this poem, says the author, "I have endeavored to condense my experiences of two hemispheres, and my study of their history." The poem is in five parts. The first considers the early meeting of East and West,

* EAST AND WEST. The Discovery of America, and Other Poems. By Ernest Francisco Fenollosa. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

CREATED GOLD, and Other Poems. By Henry Hanby Hay. Philadelphia: A. Edward Newton & Co.

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES. By George Santayana. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

TWO LIVES. A Poem. By Reginald Fanshawe. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE LOWER SLOPES. By Grant Allen. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

POEMS. By Richard Garnett. Boston: Copeland & Day.

BOOK-SONG. An Anthology of Poems of Books and Bookmen from Modern Authors. Edited by Gleeson White. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Copeland & Day.

brought about by the conquests of Alexander. Then follow "The Separated East" and "The Separated West," themes of which the author has conceived in the following terms: "Eastern culture, slowly elaborated, has held to ideals whose refinement seems markedly feminine. For it social institutions are the positive harmonies of a life of brotherhood. Western culture, on the contrary, has held to ideals whose strength seems markedly masculine. For it is the compromise of Liberty with her own excesses, while conquest, science, and industry are but parallel channels for the overflow of hungry personality. But this one-sidedness has been partly compensated by the religious life of each. The violence of the West has been softened by the feminine faith of love, renunciation, obedience, salvation from without. It is the very impersonality of her great ecclesiastical institute which offers to man a refuge from self. On the other hand, the peaceful impotence of the East has been spurred by her martial faith of spiritual knighthood, self-reliance, salvation from within. The intense individuality of her esoteric discipline upholds the fertile tranquillity of her surface. This stupendous double antithesis seems to me the most significant fact in all history. The future union of the types may thus be symbolized as a twofold marriage." In "The Present Meeting of East and West," the author deals with "the first attempts to assimilate alien ideals," which "have led to the irony of a quadruple confusion, analogous to the disruption of Alexander's conquest." But there is to be another and more intimate union, brought about in some mysterious way by the art of music, and in a manner foreshadowed in some sort by the compositions of Herr Brahms. Here, we must confess, we are unable to follow the argument. And the poem ends with a rapturous song of "The Future Union of East and West." This is a good deal of philosophical machinery with which to burden a composition of fifteen hundred lines, and the work is too ambitious to be wholly successful. But it abounds in strong passages, such as the finely imaginative struggle of the archangels, who

"Met as mountains meet, when Titans cast
Pelion on Ossa, and their fragments spurt
Through startled space a jet of asteroids,"

or the stanzas to Hangchow, where (among other things),

"In a tangle of leaves with silken sleeves
Thy poets sing on the terraced beach,
Where the blue-flagged taverns with mossy eaves
Are starred by the pink of the blossoming peach,"

or the following fine epitome of the Viking conquests:

"Now shot from polar coasts see meteors flash,
Long lines of Viking ships, with low black hulls
Like vultures, plunging through the Northern seas,
Hovering like gulls in track of channel storms,
Scouring for prey the long white sunlit cliffs;
Wailing their chant to Odin like wild winds
Surging through organ pipes of naked fjords,
Wooing Valhalla to Northumbrian hills
Or primrose-garnished banks of lovely Seine.
Now, drunk with richer wine of vanquished worlds,

Wielding the cross as once their bolt of Thor,
They skirt with gorgeous sweep Hispania's curves,
Through pillared gateway of the land-locked sea
Set in its rifted coasts of gilded cloud.
A blue enamelled dragon! Now they break,
Those strange Norse champions of a Hebrew god,
The threatening onsets of the Saracen,
Dispensed like storms which strew with wrecks thy coast,
Nurse of a hundred races, Sicily!"

We should like to quote also the fine description of the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1859, but Mr. Fenollosa's other poems claim our remaining space. Of these, the most important is "The Discovery of America," described as "a symphonic poem," in four movements, and in a great variety of metres. Since both the manner and the matter of the author constantly invite musical comparisons, we will remark that the suggestion of Liszt is here very evident. A passage from the soliloquy of Columbus may be reproduced:

"And yet I knew; and yet I dimly guessed
When as a guileless boy
I climbed the steep Ligurian cliffs in lusty joy,
And gazed far off upon the dimpled breast
Of blue-eyed seas that slumbered in the West.
For was I not compelled
As by a great hand held
To gaze, and gaze, and gaze
Through tender brooding miles of purple haze,
Till soft-winged iles
Seemed lifting orange bosoms to the sun's last smiles,
And my light will, a feather free,
Was blown like a trembling bird far out to sea
By storm-winds, Alpine-brewed, of passionate prophecy?"

The poem from which this extract is taken must certainly be reckoned among the most notable inspired by the recent quadri-centennial year. As for Mr. Fenollosa's minor poems, they are always interesting, and often satisfying. We will end our examples with the lines to "Fuji at Sunrise":

"Starting the cool gray depths of morning air
She throws aside her counterpane of clouds,
And stands half folded in her silken shrouds
With calm white breast and snowy shoulder bare.
High o'er her head a flush all pink and rare
Thrills her with foregleams of an unknown bliss,
A virgin pure who waits the bridal kiss,
Faint with expectant joy she fears to share.
Lo, now he comes, the dazzling prince of day!
Flings his full glory o'er her radiant breast;
Enfolds her to the rapture of his rest,
Transfigured in the throbbing of his ray.
O fly, my soul, where love's warm transports are;
And seek eternal bliss in your pink kindling star."

Lest this review would seem to have abrogated the traditional fault-finding function of criticism, we will close by remarking the false quantity in the author's use of "Granicus." But this defect is at least partly atoned for by his getting "Himalaya" right, which few succeed in doing.

A rather striking imagination, expended impartially upon the most disparate themes — Semitic, Greek, and mediæval — coupled with some command of dramatic effect, appears in Mr. Hay's "Created Gold." We quote the sonnet on "Joan of Arc":

"Patient and passionless Joan led her flock,
When, visioned dimly, bleeding France appeared,
Circled with ruined homes and fields war-seared.
It made her life one plan; her pity, rock.
She snatched a sword: France rose 'mid England's mock;
Joan drove the foe like sheep, their fleeces sheared.
With fleur-de-lis in maiden hand upreared,
She chased and routed Britain, shock on shock.—
France crowned her, 'Bravest Virgin 'neath the sun,'
And then betrayed to England's baffled host
That Maid whose form is skyed till time shall cease.
Joan, great in triumph, greater was undone:
France gave her much, harsh England gave her most;
Three royal gifts — Fame, Martyrdom, and Peace."

A noticeable lack of finish frequently lessens the acceptability of Mr. Hay's poems, excellent though the stuff with which they deal.

A contemplative philosophy, the gentle melancholy of the soul that has borne disillusion with little of the shock that it has for a more passionate nature, and a semi-religious sentiment tending towards quietism, seem the characteristic notes of Mr. George Santayana's sonnets. The restfulness of their effect, and the placid flow of their thought, may be well felt in this example:

"A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills;
Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
Come no profane insatiate mortal near
With the contagion of his passionate ills;
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.
This spot is sacred to the deeper soul
And to the piety that mocks no more.
In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,
None in this shrine; in peace the heavens roll,
In peace the slow tides pulse from shore to shore,
And ancient quiet broods from pole to pole."

A group of Sapphic odes, metrically less happy than in expression, follows the sonnets in Mr. Santayana's volume, and these are in turn followed by a few miscellaneous and occasional pieces. "Lucifer," a slight dramatic sketch in lyrical measures and blank verse, closes the thin but not unattractive volume. It gives us only the pale reflex of a cloistered mind, but delicacy of touch and the perceptions that accompany the cultured outlook are not lacking, and the pages are distinctly pleasing, although their perusal occasions hardly an emotional ripple.

Mr. Reginald Fanshawe's "Two Lives" is an intensely subjective poem whose subject is "described as a spiritual pilgrimage from nothingness and denial to hope and fulfilment; as a vision of the progress of life, through the experience of nature, self, and history, to God." It is put forth as a fragment, and provided with a philosophical preface which strikes the high note of seriousness maintained throughout the poem. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, with interspersed lyrics. The title, "Two Lives," is to be taken in a twofold sense. Primarily, the song is one of personal bereavement, of two actual lives sundered by the death of a beloved wife. Secondarily, it is a song of the higher life superadded upon the lower by the stern but ultimately gracious ministries of sorrow and of

thought. This latter aspect of the poem finds expression in the "Introduction," wherein we read:

"Two lives — The human woof,
The mystic warp divine,
Weaven by God, who worketh not aloof
To his design
Intrinsic; whither all things climb and cross,
Fulfilled, begun,
Through death and beauty, dream and love and loss,
So subtly plied and spun
By His pure Spirit, He doth use
The whole world's service, sacramental, one,
Unto its form's full continent,
For high prophetic truth, and doth Himself infuse,
Till twain be blest."

It is not often that the ancestry of a poem is so strongly marked as in the present case. If the form derives from Spenser, the thought has the inspiration of Tennyson, while of Shelley is the passion and the lofty idealism. Indeed, this twofold debt is fully acknowledged, and the tributes to those great poets are among the finest things in Mr. Fanshawe's spiritual autobiography. Here is one of the stanzas dedicated to Shelley:

"And though anon his vision floated thin
As dreamful cloud across the breathless blue,
A pale soul, half monastic, half akin
To earth, his passion, as it melted, drew
The veil from off a far and sunny view
Of a beauty and a brotherhood more free,
And from a dawning, dyed to the full hue
Of his own faith and golden phantasy,
Sank in the purple bosom of a southern sea."

And here is a stanza upon the death of Tennyson:

"Leave him, where death's completing touch doth paint
Round his pale forehead time's last aureole,
And canonize in calm so true a saint
Of song, who ever held his vision whole,
Unsoiled; through the pure ether of whose soul,
As one sublimed to listen, set apart,
God's music wrought and ripened by control
For reconciliation's broad and mellow art,
And beat through nature's bosom to his human heart."

Mr. Fanshawe has written a very noble poem, and the world that cherishes "Epipychidion" and "In Memoriam" will not lightly cast it aside.

Mr. Grant Allen's versatility is so considerable that the public has learned not to be surprised at anything he may undertake. From his ingenious contention that Englishmen are Celts to his novel interpretations of Botticelli, from his opinion of Mr. George Meredith as the only living English novelist worth considering to his view of socialism as the only form of political organization that a serious thinker can advocate, we cheerfully accept the whole series of vagaries and wonder what outlet will be the next sought by the author's busy imagination. To consider Mr. Allen as a poet we are in a measure prepared. He has put forth before this ballads of evolution and of socialism, as well as verses of classical provenance. His present "reminiscences of excursions round the base of Helicon, undertaken for the most part in early manhood," include a number of things that we have seen before, and a number of others that we doubtless might have seen also had we searched for them. They

are facile in versification, more or less imitative, occasionally humorous. Touches of passion are not wanting, as the revolutionary stanzas having three dates — "1789, 1848, 1870" — for their title shall testify:

"The song of nations. Sing and clap your hands:
Burst into blossom, all ye barren lands:
She comes, to break the linked chains asunder,
And snap in twain the adamantine bands.

"She came before. Her cruel face and fair
Smote all our breasts with infinite despair:
She passed. The brightness of her lurid beauty
Was fiercer than our dazzled eyes could bear.

"She came again. In milder mien she came,
With fruits and flowers crowned, but still the same.
One lurid day crushed down her risen splendour;
She passed in murky clouds of smoke and flame.

"Once more she comes. Surely our hearts are tried,
And every lesser passion cast aside:
Shall she not dwell among us now forever,
Our one and only love, our deathless bride?"

This is from a group of poems written in 1871, and inspired by the Third Republic and the Commune. *A bas la bourgeoisie!* is the cry of one of them, and the verses live up to their subversive text. But it is a little curious to find these things reprinted a score of years afterward.

If we are not mistaken, it is a quarter-century since Dr. Garnett published his last volume of poems, and, indeed, the collection now published is made up in considerable part of pieces from the "Io in Egypt" volume that appeared as long ago as 1859. It evidently represents the author's ripest judgment upon his own work, and is a volume remarkable for elevation and originality. Such are the poetic glories of the Victorian age that Dr. Garnett, we fear, is fated ever to be reckoned a minor poet; yet we cannot escape the thought that such a volume, in almost any other age of our letters, would have enshrined its author in all the literary histories and made his name famous for years to come. We have chosen three extracts in illustration of the various aspects of Dr. Garnett's verse. The first is a passage from the blank verse "Nausicaa," in which the maiden bewails the loss of Odysseus.

"I cannot bear this evil any more.
Teach me, again I pray, the art that comes
Of wrestling with the lithe Protean sea.
Then, some night, while these cliffs and feathery trees
Spread the deep bay with shadow, ere the moon
Surmounts them with her lamp, I will be here,
Stand at the boat's prow, hallow the salt wave
With sacrifice, then with a timorous oar
Wrinkling the liquid darkness, urge myself
Out on the bitter waste of death that hemmed
My little isle of life, look where I may.
For of three things the one, either I find
My Ithacan, my royal mariner,
Safe sceptered with the grey Penelope;
Then will I sue and serve her, spinning out
My heartstrings with her wool, until I die.
Or haply he has perished, and I crowd
Long anguish into momentary death.
Or like, veers the blast, fills the frail bark,
And o'er it mourns the sorrow of the sea."

The sonnet "To Dante," selected, not without dif-

ficulty, from upwards of a score, all subtly wrought,
shall be our second example :

" Poet, whose unscarred feet have trodden Hell,
By what grim path and red environing
Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep bring
And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
Of darkness where perpetually dwell
The spirits cursed beyond imagining ?
Or else is thine a visionary wing,
And all thy terror but a tale to tell ?
Neither and both, thou seeker ! I have been
No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,
Close masked in an impenetrable screen,
Which having rent I gaze around, and know
What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,
Curtain the soul that strives and sins below."

Last of all we give the last two of the four stanzas
that make up an exquisite poem called "Even-
Star."

" I see great cities rise, which being hoar
Are slowly rendered unto dust again ;
And roaring billows preying on the shore ;
And virgin isles ascending from the main ;
The passing wave of the perpetual river ;
And men depart, and man remaining ever.
" The upturned eyes of many a mortal maid
Glass me in gathering tears, soon kissed away ;
Then walks she for a space, and there is laid
Swelling the bosom of the quiet clay.
I muse what this all-kindling Love may be,
And what this Death that never comes to me."

This reminds us of one of Tourguénieff's "Senilia"—the striking dialogue of two Alpine peaks—but has a touch of tenderness foreign to the suggested prototype.

Mr. Gleeson White is an expert anthologist, and his "Book-Song" will be welcome to all who love the subject of which it sings. It contains poems, to the number of over one hundred and fifty, written in praise of books or their authors. The pieces are all modern, but we are told that a similar collection of "the golden numbers of past times" is in course of preparation by Mr. William Roberts. A certain indefiniteness of aim results from the fact that the compiler has ventured beyond the strict category of poems about books, and brought into his collection a number of personal tributes to the writers of books, thus drawing from a practically inexhaustible source. But the collection displays good taste throughout, and no one can complain of it as far as it goes.

A limited edition of the sonnets and lyrics comprising Rossetti's "House of Life," beautifully printed after the fashion of the Kelmscott Press, has recently appeared in Boston. The work is reprinted from the original text published in 1870. The later edition of 1881 differed from the earlier in the omission of one sonnet—"Nuptial Sleep (*Placata Venere*)"—and in the alteration of a few others. Rossetti was influenced to make the changes by the disgusting pseudonymous attack of Mr. Robert Buchanan, and most of his friends thought him over-sensitive for so doing. A remark by one of Whitman's recent critics is equally to the point in the case of Rossetti and his contemptible assailant: "Indecent, in my opinion, these poems are not;

but the criticism which universally selects them for discussion and condemnation is extremely indecent." The present publishers of "The House of Life" have reproduced the work (so they put it) "in its innocence and perfection." In thus acting, they have raised a delicate question of literary ethics, and even incurred some censure. "Have the dead no rights that the living are bound to respect?" cries one indignant moralist. The cry seems to us entirely beside the question. When a book has been given to the world it is, in a sense, irrevocable. With the right of keeping it to himself the author parts by the act of voluntary publication. If he afterwards wishes to withdraw it, or any part of it, he and his friends may plead for a deference to his wishes; they cannot fairly invoke his right. And in a case like this, where those nearest to the poet deprecated as unworthy the concession to a philistine sentiment that was involved in the revisions made, it is somewhat hypercritical to take a publisher to task for preferring to reproduce the earlier of the two editions. One might as well object to having the first edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" reprinted. And the whole question is surely one of anise and cummin in an age which has tolerated the publication of the manuscript fragments of Shelley, the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, and the private papers of Carlyle. Until we have settled the weightier matters of the ethical law of literary property, it will be a misapplication of energy to discuss what are, in comparison, scholastic trivialities.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Reconstruction
of the science
of Logic.*

Few departments of learning have suffered so severely from the bane of tradition and technicality as that which deals with the principles underlying all sound knowledge, the science of thinking. It is a most hopeful indication of the comprehensive and fundamental character of the modern scientific reformation, that it has brought with it a most thorough and radical recasting of the logician's outfit. After centuries of scholasticized Aristotle, and generations of text-books with no wider horizon than the requirements of an artificial educational scheme or still more artificial examination, it is the laudable achievement of the last half century to have laid the foundations of a more vitalized and progressive logic,—to have overthrown the pertinacious and pernicious notion that the science of thought sprang, Minerva-like, perfect and pure from the head of the logical Zeus. It is as a contribution to this spirit of logical reform that the little volume by Mr. Alfred Sidgwick entitled "The Process of Argument," recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., will find a ready welcome. Mr. Sidgwick devotes his pages to a general discussion of the principles for the determination of argumentative discourse,

the fixation of belief,—not as it might be carried on in the old-time disputations in which one champion set up a dogmatic chip on his shoulder and dared his opponent to find adequate authority for knocking it off, but as it occurs in the live and profitably debatable questions of modern science and modern thought. The distinction between observation and inference, the nature of generalization, the function of criticism, the significance of belief, the underlying conceptions of cause and connection, the inherent complexity of the arguments that dominate and create a point of view, the psychological basis of the thought-habit,—are all suggestively but somewhat vaguely sketched. This indefiniteness of statement and purpose is in part inherent in the topic, but a skill in presentation could have much reduced its prominence. No intelligent reader, however, is likely to leave the volume without conceding to Mr. Sidgwick the success of his main purpose, "to reach a conception of the general nature of 'argument' (or battle between belief and doubt) which shall be a little less abstract, less artificially simplified, than that which the traditional logic has provided."

*A readable
volume on the
Jacobean poets.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse has just published an excellent manual of that section of English literature which includes the works of "The Jacobean Poets" (Scribner). Pending the appearance of the master who will some day tell for us the whole story of our literature as it should be told, these careful studies of narrow periods are things to be grateful for, although there is no finality about them. The period with which Mr. Gosse's book deals is, of course, somewhat arbitrarily limited by the dates of King James's reign, and is not a natural subdivision of our literary history. Perhaps the chief value of the present treatment is to be found in its calling attention to the fact that we often mean Jacobean when we loosely say Elizabethan. For an assignment to "Eliza and our James" of the literary trophies of their respective reigns gives to the latter a large share of Shakespeare, and nearly all of the so-called Elizabethan dramatists—Jonson and Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood and Middleton, Tourneur and Webster. Ford and Shirley were too late to be even Jacobean. Mr. Gosse has written a book of temperate and carefully-worded criticism, rather thickly packed with titles and dates, but for all that very readable, and extremely happy in its illustrative extracts.

*Tales of an
English Hunter
in South Africa.*

To be a sportsman—or at least to be thought one—is the cherished ambition of the leisured Englishman. If he cannot be an out-and-out Nimrod, he would rather be a Nathaniel Winkle than no sportsman at all. He shows a curious tendency to "revert," to prefer the ways and the habitat of the natural man to the milder arrangements of civil society. The jungle of India, the "bush" of Australia and South Africa, echo the crack of his rifle; his knickerbockers

are a known phenomenon on Kamtschatka's frozen shores; and we see him in America, touring prairies-wards, with his hat-box, tub, and other sporting essentials, in quest of buffalo,—an enlivening spectacle to the frontiersman. Mr. Charles Montague, author of "Tales of a Nomad" (Longmans), is one of these roving Britons who, for reasons to us inscrutable, prefer "roughing it" in the wilds to a life of ease in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. To do him justice, Mr. Montague seems to have really been a mighty hunter. The book is chiefly made up of hunting-sketches, in which the writer gives the pith of his experiences, in a pleasantly off-hand, jaunty style, and without a touch of braggadocio. South Africa was the field of his operations, and all was game that came to his rifle—including, on occasion, a stray Zulu, or even a Boer or two. He served as a volunteer in the Boer War, and gives a good paper on "The Siege of Marabastadt." Mr. Montague concludes the paper by predicting a "great future" for South Africa. Ultimately, he says, "there will be a confederation of South African States, and I think the Transvaal and Free State will join, provided that such confederation is not under the British flag. In another fifty years the people of South Africa will be united in the bond and sentiment of Africanderism, and the sad records of strife between British and Dutch will be blotted out forever from their historic pages."

*Contemporary
composers
of France.*

Mr. Arthur Hervey's "Masters of French Music" (imported by Scribner) includes five names of living composers besides Gounod, who died before the volume was out of the press. These are Ambroise Thomas, Saint Saëns, Massenet, Reyer, and Bruneau. The sketches are written with intelligence and sympathy, and unite a happy mixture of biography and criticism not too profound for the appreciative but untrained concert and opera goer. The author detects in contemporary music the same tendency to realism that now invades art and literature. As in literature the physiology of the mind appears to be the leading factor, so in music it is rather the minor motives of the action than its outward details that the serious operatic composer is tempted to depict. Truth of expression and dramatic characterization are his chief aim. The French school has, during this century, left its mark in an undeniable manner upon operatic history, and the versatility of its composers has been proved over and over again. Hence a work like the present, analyzing the special peculiarities of the principal representatives of this school, is a welcome addition to musical criticism.

*The story of
the University
of Oxford.*

In "Oxford and Her Colleges" (Macmillan), Prof. Goldwin Smith has gathered together an interesting body of information, descriptive, historical, topographical, and architectural. The story of the University of Oxford dates back to the twelfth century, when,

printing not having been invented and books being scarce, the lecture of the professor was the fountain of all knowledge. In the history of the human intellect, there is no more romantic period than this of the Mediæval Renaissance. The students of that day were a rough set, wearing arms, and using them not only on the roads, beset by robbers, but in conflicts with the townspeople, with whom the University was, as it were, at war. Between this time and the present, with its comparatively mild town and gown rows, many changes have occurred. The University has become a Federation of Colleges, each a little polity in itself, each cherishing its own traditions and affiliations. The description of these in detail forms the principal subject-matter of Professor Smith's little volume.

Art and its influence on civilization.

Prof. W. H. Goodyear's treatise on "Roman and Mediæval Art" (Flood & Vincent) deals with the subject not so much in its technical aspects as with the history of art in its relations to civilization. Part I., occupying about a third of the volume, treats of Roman art from prehistoric times to its decadence in the third and fourth centuries after Christ. The history of mediæval art of course covers a longer period and extends over a wider area of country. It terminated when mediæval thought and culture, and consequently mediæval art, were displaced by the movement known as the Renaissance. One hundred and fifty fine illustrations add greatly to the value of the volume, and a good index aids one to turn readily to any special subject among the many and varied branches of art discussed.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Charles Lewis Tupper, of the Indian Civil Service, has prepared an exhaustive historical and political study of "Our Indian Protectorate" (Longmans). The work has little excellence of a literary sort, but great value as a storehouse of facts and first-hand observations. To the important series of brief biographies entitled "Rulers of India" (Macmillan) two additions have been made. One of them, by Mr. Lewin B. Bowring, is devoted to "Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan," the Mussulman usurpers of Mysore. The other has for its subject the great Clive, and is the work of that brilliant writer, Colonel G. B. Malleson. In connection with this group of books should be mentioned Mr. William Forbes-Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny" (Macmillan), a graphic narrative from the pen of a participant—not in the Mutiny—but in the dramatic events which that uprising added to history. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell served in the ranks, and was in the thick of the fight during the eventful years 1857-59.

To the "Rulers of India" series (Macmillan) Mr. John Bradshaw has added a life of Sir Thomas Munro. The author, who died before the book was printed, devoted a quarter-century to educational work in India, most of that time being spent in the Madras Presidency, of which Munro was governor. "No name in any part

of India," we are told, "is so familiar or held in such veneration as that of Munro is in the Madras Presidency, though two generations have passed away since his death." The new biography is based mainly on Gleig's "Life" and on the published letters of Munro.

A pair of tasteful booklets come from the Joseph Knight Co., Boston. One is a translation of Goethe's "Werther," the translator not being named. The other is the "Juliet and Romeo" of Luigi da Porto, in the translation by Brydges (1823). Mr. W. J. Rolfe writes an introduction almost as long as the story itself. Both of these "World Classics" are illustrated, bound in cloth, and neatly boxed. We may at the same time mention the pretty paper-covered reprints (Crowell) of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and M. Halévy's "The Abbé Constantin," the former with a preface by Mrs. Ritchie, the latter with Madame Lemaire's charming illustrations.

"The South Sea Islanders and the Queensland Labour Trade" (Macmillan) is further described as "a record of voyages and experiences in the Western Pacific from 1875 to 1891." It is the work of Mr. William T. Wawn, "Master Mariner." Mr. Wawn was engaged during all these years as an importer of Kanaka labor into Queensland, and his book, which is little more than a roughly edited "log," is the record of a man who knows his subject. The book is a large octavo, with many illustrations.

The biography of Coleridge prepared by Mr. James Dykes Campbell for the recent complete edition of Coleridge's poetical works, and already mentioned by us in that connection, has been published as an independent volume (Macmillan), expanded to portly dimensions by the use of thick paper and larger type. This work took rank from the start as the authoritative biography of Coleridge, and is not likely to be improved upon. There are, however, a few revisions in the present issue, although it gives substantially the text printed with the poems.

Volume XXXVIII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) extends from Milman (Sir Francis preceding Henry Hart) to More (ending, not with the Thomases, but the Williams). The Moores and Mores get nearly a fourth of the volume. William Minto died just in time to get in. The most important of the articles is the "Milton," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, filling over sixteen pages, an unusual but certainly not undeserved allowance of space.

Mr. Henry Bradley, who undertook to edit the letters E, F, G, and H, for the "New English Dictionary" (Macmillan), has completed his work upon the first of these four letters, and the last instalment of the "Dictionary," just published, begins with "Everybody" and ends with "Ezod," an obsolete variant of "Izzard," otherwise "Z." When Dr. Murray shall have finished his list of "words that begin with a D," they will form, together with the Es, the third of the portly quartos in which the work takes its final shape.

The fourth instalment of the "Ariel" Shakespeare, now published (Putnam), presents a second group of seven comedies, including "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Measure for Measure," "Taming of the Shrew," and "All's Well that Ends Well." Each play is prettily printed in a simple volume, and provided with outline illustrations. An early completion of the edition may be expected.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, April 25, 1894.

Mr. George Haven Putnam's thoughtful article on "Results of the Copyright Law," in the January "Forum," was an excellent summing up of the situation as developed since the passage of the Copyright Act of March 4, 1891. To my mind, his opinion that in spite of the law's defects "it would be unwise at this time to make any effort to secure amendments" is the correct one. At the same time, the fact that a petition has been brought into the German Parliament calling for the abrogation of the copyright agreement between the United States and Germany, and that this petition has been approved by the committee having it in charge, gives a serious turn to the copyright situation. Mr. Putnam in his article noted that "it is almost impossible for a French or German author to arrange to issue his book in this country (either in the original or in a translation) simultaneously with the publication abroad. The resetting in the original language, for such limited sale as could be looked for here, would be unduly expensive, while time is required for the preparation of a satisfactory translation." The great trouble, Mr. Putnam tells me, is that to secure copyright in a work in a foreign language, it must be re-set here in the original language. The copyright of a translation protects that translation only, and if the book is not also published in the original, anyone is at liberty to issue a new translation. This state of affairs was brought about by the eagerness of the typographical unions to grasp every advantage. The French Society of Authors made this discovery some time ago, and now that Germany threatens to take the matter up, the result of the immense amount of labor performed by our copyright leagues is somewhat discouraging. After all, I presume that our copyright relations with Great Britain are the chief issue at stake, and these are progressing in a fairly satisfactory manner at present. It is curious to observe how closely the success of books by new English authors is watched by the American reprinters. Of course, the successful English author's second book at once finds an authorized publisher in the United States, and is copyrighted; but the way every new English success is pirated in this country shows plainly the need of a time clause in the Copyright Act as long as the printing clause remains.

Another vexatious copyright question has been raised in a recent interview with Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. I have not the slightest doubt that ninety in a hundred of those interested will be immensely surprised to learn from that interview that in the United States the name or title of a book is not protected by copyright. "The law is," said Mr. Spofford, "that the substance, the literary contents, of a book or publication may be protected by copyright, but not the name—not the title." The filing of title-pages of books in this country, which is required by law, is not, then, for purposes of protection, but for identification merely. This seems to be a great injustice, and I asked Mr. Putnam if a change in this respect were not needed when the Copyright Act is next amended. Mr. Putnam assented, and gave me some interesting information as to the present condition of English copyright law on this point, and as to certain proposed changes. In England, Mr. Putnam said, the law as to book titles goes as far in the contrary direction as does ours, in that it permits anyone to copyright all the titles he can think of with

or without any real intention to use them for actual books. This copyright in a title or titles lasts for the full English term of forty-two years, or seven years after the copyrighter's death. In many cases, authors of books have had to pay such copyrighters to relinquish titles on which they unluckily had stumbled. Mr. Putnam thinks that authors should be at liberty to copyright the titles of their proposed books, but that such copyright should be completed by the publication of the book within a reasonable period (six months or a year), and that failing of this the copyright should become void. Also he thinks that copyright in a title should lapse if the book which it represents is out of print for a long period. The proposed new English law, introduced by Lord Monkswell in the present parliament, and still pending, covers these points very fully. Copyright in a title must be perfected by publication of the book within six months, and is lost in the case of books which remain out of print over two years.

Pleasant news comes from the society of Provençal poets known as the "Félibrige." M. Félix Gras is now "capovie," or president of the society, and will without doubt be re-elected at the annual meeting to be held at Nîmes on the twenty-ninth of April. The members are making preparations to take their share in the "floral games" this summer at Toulouse, which were instituted by the troubadours in the fourteenth century, and have never ceased since then. The games are open competitions in poetry and prose, and the prizes, it will be remembered, are gold and silver flowers, or for the first prize a natural flower presented with a kiss to the successful competitor by some damsel of the ancient aristocracy.

The members of the "Félibrige" also celebrate their own annual feast in August, on the day of their patron saint, Ste. Estelle. This year it will take place at Avignon, and will be distinguished by the dedication of monuments to Roumanilles, the founder of the Provençal literary movement, and to Aubanel, who have recently died. "Les Cigalières," the Paris chapter of the Félibrige, will come down the Rhone on a boat from Lyons to take part in the ceremonies, and there will be performances of the *Antigone* and *Edipus* in the old Roman theatre at Orange, by the Comédie Française company.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Lord Macaulay's "Journal" is to be published in full sometime during the year.

The life of the late Sir James Stephen will be written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, his brother.

Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, author of "Gossip of the Century" and many other popular books, died last month.

Mr. Edmund Gosse will publish a new volume of poems in the autumn. It is now nine years since his last volume, "Firdausi in Exile," appeared.

We learn from an English exchange that Mr. Theodore Watts has at last decided to publish a volume of poems, which will be printed at the Kelmscott Press.

The "Goethe-Jahrbuch" for 1894 will contain an account, by Dr. Suphan, of "Napoleon's Unterhaltungen mit Goethe und Wieland und F. von Müller's Memorie darüber für Talleyrand."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "In Varying

Moods," by Miss Beatrice Harraden; "Red Cap and Blue Jacket," a tale of the French Revolution, by Mr. Robert Dunn; and an "Autonym" series of stories by well-known writers.

Mr. James Bryce has consented to deliver the inaugural lecture at the summer meeting of university extension students at Oxford this year, and has chosen for his subject "The Worth of the Study of Ancient Literature to our Time."

On the 23d of April (Shakespeare's birthday), the statue of the poet by Mr. William Ordway Partridge was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago. On the same day the German Shakespeare Society of Weimar celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, it having been founded in the tercentenary year.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship has arranged a course of lectures for the purpose of stimulating a distinct effort to secure more attention to the beautiful in cities. These lectures, now in course of delivery, began with "The Lesson of the White City," by Professor E. S. Morse. Other lectures in the course are "Municipal Art," by Mr. Edmund Hudson; "Art Museums and the People," by Mr. E. F. Fenollosa; and "Art in the Public Schools," by Mr. Percival Chubb. The Rev. C. C. Ames will close the series with a discourse somewhat enigmatically entitled "Boston, the City of God."

The trustees of Dartmouth College have announced the offer for 1894 for the Fletcher prize of \$500 for the best essay calculated to counteract the present tendency to a "Fatal Conformity to the World." The following subjects are assigned, with the date at which each essay is to be forwarded: (1) "In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified?" December 31, 1894. (2) "Should any restrictions, legal or moral, be placed upon the accumulation of wealth?" December 31, 1896. (3) "How can education be made a greater safeguard against materialism?" December 31, 1898. These subjects may be treated singly or in course. No essay is to exceed 250 pages of 270 words each. A circular containing further particulars will be forwarded to those who apply to President William Jewett Tucker, of Dartmouth College.

Few men have been such "all around" scholars as the late William Robertson Smith. We get from "The Saturday Review" this glimpse of his manifold acquirements: "He knew many arts and sciences,—few men have ever been privileged to know so many; but he made each of them, as it were, a part of his existence, and was a specialist in each. Apart from the two subjects which have made him famous, he was a well-read mathematician, and, in fact, held a mathematical chair for a time at Aberdeen as deputy to the professor. He was a profound student of most branches of law, English and foreign. He understood the more abstruse branches of anatomy, especially that relating to the movements and functions of the eye. He was a good theoretical astronomer. He might easily have posed as an eminent naturalist. He was both a botanist and a gardener—an unusual combination. He had a fine ear for music, and a real knowledge of it. He was an admirable architectural critic, with a strong leaning towards Gothic. He was a great numismatist, so great, and his collections so judiciously made, that we must hope his gold coins, at least, will now be acquired by the University or some other public body."

LORD BOWEN'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

The late Lord Bowen was best known to literature as a translator of Virgil. "The Saturday Review" has this to say of his work: "The lay reader will attach greater interest to the work in which—in intervals of the leisure of which his life now allowed—Lord Bowen indulged alike his taste for intellectual exertion and his passionate admiration of the great master of Latin poetry. The task had for him a fascination which not all his consciousness of its difficulty enabled him to resist. He was travelling, as he described himself, along a road 'strewn with the bleaching bones of unfortunate pilgrims who had preceded him.' They 'had perished in the wilderness.' No one had satisfied the requirements of this unachievable performance. In Dryden 'the silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze.' In Conington 'the sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form has wholly disappeared.' The task thus shown to be difficult Lord Bowen proceeded, with characteristic craving for perfection, to surround by conditions which rendered it obviously impossible. The English rendering of Virgil must, if it is to be worth anything, be an English poem; the English poem must be a translation, not a mere paraphrase; and, as if these conditions were not sufficient to discourage endeavor, the poem must be made to rhyme, to indulge the English ear, and must be not only literally but lineally translated, in order to preserve the integrity of the famous Virgilian lines, which are the common coinage of civilized mankind. How far towards the accomplishment of such a feat it was Lord Bowen's good fortune to advance we care not now to estimate. Suffice it that on every page are to be found the same exquisiteness, the same patient industry, the same conscientious efforts at completeness that characterized every phase of Lord Bowen's work."

WHY RENAN WAS NOT CONVINCED.

M. Jules Simon, contributing some reminiscences of Renan to the "Revue de Paris," tells how the latter, in his seminary days, came to the author for advice.

"He said that he came to see me because I was a Breton and a professor of philosophy. He wanted, he said, to ask my advice. His first word explained the situation to me. 'I am,' he said, 'a pupil at Saint-Sulpice. I must leave the seminary and put off this gown.'

"This was not the first confession of the sort that had been made to me. But the others had spoken to me as philosophers, about the conditions of certainty, and the impossibility of reconciling miracles with rational principles. M. Renan talked nothing but philology.

"'You know,' he said, 'how inaccurate is the version of Saint Jerome, and the advantage derived by the apologists from the famous phrase ____.' He flattered me. The most remarkable thing about me is my profound ignorance. I bemoan and blush for it, but have never been able to make up for the defects of early education. I warned him of this, and begged him to enter into all the details necessary to explain the situation.

"It seems that Abbé Le Hir had quoted the phrase of Saint Jerome, and had deduced from it, in a luminous commentary, the authenticity of Revelation, with all the ensuing consequences.

"'It was evident to me,' said M. Renan, 'that Abbé Le Hir did not know Hebrew, which was sad in a professor of exegesis.' I nodded in assent. 'Although much agitated,' my visitor went on, 'I felt bound to warn him of his misunderstanding. I rose, bowed ac-

cording to custom, and pronounced the usual formula: *Licent loqui, pater reverendissime. Do veniam*, he kindly said. I then set forth that his argument was very strong, but that it rested upon the text of Saint Jerome, which embodied a contradiction. "You would be right," I said to him, "if Saint Jerome had faithfully translated the Hebrew. But here is the Hebrew text, which says the exact contrary, hence it follows that you are wrong." "And what did Abbé Le Hir say?" I exclaimed, much interested by this glimpse at the seminary household. "He reflected for some time," said M. Renan, "then he gently addressed to me these very words: 'Monsieur l'abbé, you will recite the seven psalms of penitence on your knees before the holy sacrament.'" "And you," I said to him, "what did you reply?" I replied what is replied in such a case: *Gratias ago quam maximas, pater dilectissime.* "And you did your penance?" "I did it." Then he delivered a panegyric upon Abbé Le Hir, which he concluded with these words: "But he did not know Hebrew."

"And then?" I asked. "I returned to the charge," said Renan, and only got the same answer. But I can't spend my life in reciting the psalms of penitence."

"I smiled. He mused. But I did not perceive the poignant anxiety of a Christian who is about to lose his faith. I saw rather a philosopher who, taking a step in the direction of truth, discovers new horizons. I was at once much struck by the situation. I said to myself that this was no passionate, self-tormented soul like Lamennais; that he lived upon curiosity, calm, resolute, smiling."

INSIDE VIEW OF AN EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY.

A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" gives the following interesting particulars about the University of Cairo: "The scene presented by the university when teachers and pupils are absorbed in their tasks is strange indeed. The various classes are composed of singularly incongruous elements, for childhood and old age, beardless youths and mature men, sit side by side and learn and recite the same lesson, all swaying to and fro as incessantly as the pendulum of a clock. These motions are sometimes of a wild and convulsive character, painful to witness, and bear a strong resemblance to the ecstatic contortions and twitchings of the dervishes. The majority of the scholars, too, whether old or young, are not pleasing to look upon, for the Egyptians are a far less handsome and less cleanly race than the other Arabs of northern Africa, nor are their costumes nearly as picturesque. Each class consists of about a dozen members, who form a circle around the sheikh or professor, by whom they are initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet or made acquainted with a page of the Koran, as the case may be. The voices are harsh and discordant, so that a lesson in progress sounds like a dispute. The teacher tests the knowledge of the pupils by questions, and they in turn question him."

The curriculum of the university is thus described:

"Chemistry, astronomy, astrology, and the higher mathematics, once considered indispensable acquirements for a scholar, have for many centuries been laid aside, and importance is attached only to the study of the Koran, including a knowledge of rhetoric and logic. This rote-like system of education naturally represses all originality of thought. Besides the Koran, a few primers and readers are in use as text-books, and slates and blackboards are employed as in other schools. Even less reading than writing is taught, a certain facility in learning by heart alone being considered im-

perative. The study of grammar begins the regular academic course; then follows a course in religion, and one in the science of law."

The account is brought to a conclusion as follows: "There are three grades of sheikhs, the last being seldom attained. Up to the year 1871 any student who had committed the whole of a book to memory was dignified with the title of sheikh, and enjoyed the privilege, accorded to the instructors only, of leaning against a pillar. Since that time a formal examination has been required, and six sheikhs belonging to different sects judge of the fitness of the competitors for the position. The largest attendance at the university was in 1876, when the scholars numbered over eleven thousand and the professors three hundred and twenty-five; yet only one year later the number of pupils had decreased by more than three thousand, and that of the sheikhs by nearly a hundred. This extraordinary decline—a decline still continuing—is to be ascribed to the ravages of war among the Mohammedans, and to the civilizing influence brought to bear upon the Egyptians by the English government, which is doing so much for their enlightenment."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1894 (First List).

- African Discovery. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial.*
- Americans Abroad. Francis B. Loomis. *Lippincott.*
- Anderson, Mary. Illus. B. H. Ridgely. *Southern Mag.*
- Bookbindings of the Past. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century.*
- Browning's "Luria." John W. Chadwick. *Poet-Lore.*
- Browning Rarities. William G. Kingsland. *Poet-Lore.*
- Canadian Literature. *Dial.*
- Charleston, S. C. (1861). Anna C. Brackett. *Harper.*
- Chemistry, Ancient. M. P. E. Berthelot. *Popular Science.*
- Cotton-seed Oil. F. G. Mather. *Popular Science.*
- Dagnan-Bouveret. Illus. W. A. Coffin. *Century.*
- Education, Cause and Effect in. C. H. Henderson. *Pop. Sci.*
- Egotism in Contemporary Art. Royal Cortissoz. *Atlantic.*
- Electricity, Portable. John Trowbridge. *Chautauquan.*
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- English and American Scenery. E. S. Nadal. *Century.*
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- Java, A Journey in. Illus. F. M. Burr. *Harper.*
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- Light and Colour Sensations, Measurement of. *Mag. of Art.*
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- O'Brien, Fitz-James. Champion Biessel. *Lippincott.*
- Panics and Their Causes. J. F. Bullitt, Jr. *Southern Mag.*
- Parkman, Francis. Justin Winsor and John Fiske. *Atlantic.*
- Peccuniary Independence. Junius H. Browne. *Harper.*
- Poetry, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial.*
- Public Schools, The Problem of. W. F. Slocom, Jr. *Atlantic.*
- Qualla Battocoans, Chastisement of. Illus. E. S. Maclay. *Harper.*
- Railroading as a Career. Brandt Mansfield. *Chautauquan.*
- Russia, Village Life in. Victor Yarros. *Chautauquan.*
- Slave-Ship Cors, Capture of. Illus. Wilburn Hall. *Century.*
- Sordello. Annie T. Smith. *Poet-Lore.*
- Sound Effects. A. A. Knudson. *Popular Science.*
- Venetian Painters. J. B. Fletcher. *Dial.*
- Wauters, Emile. Illus. A. J. Wauters. *Magazine of Art.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 62 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

- Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. By Mrs. J. R. Green. 2 vols., 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$5.
 Ancient Ships. By Cecil Torr, M.A. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 139. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 Slav and Moslem: Historical Sketches. By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. 12mo, pp. 301. Aiken, S.C.: Aiken Pub'g Co.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

- The Autobiography of Theobold Wolfe Tone, 1783-98. Edited, with introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien, author of "Life of Thomas Drummond." 2 vols., with portrait, 8vo, gilt top. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.
 The Diary of a Cavalry Officer in the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns, 1809-1815. By the late Lieut.-Col. William Tomkinson; edited by his son, James Tomkinson. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 338. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard, London, 1794-7. Edited by S. Bayard Dod. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 141, uncut. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Overheard in Arcady. By Robert Bridges. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 133. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 The Humour of America. Selected, with introduction and index of American Humorists, by James Barr. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 462. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

ART AND MUSIC.

- Art for America. By William Ordway Partridge. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Roberts Bros. \$1.
 The Binding of Books: The History of Gold-Tooled Bindings. By Herbert P. Horne. Illus., 12mo, pp. 224, uncut. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
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- English Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. 16mo, uncut, pp. 129. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
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- In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night." Am. copyright edition, 18mo, pp. 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
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- Bibliographica: A Magazine of Bibliography, issued in 12 quarterly parts. Illus., 4to, pp. 128, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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- Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced: A complete Handbook of Difficulties in English Pronunciation. By William Henry P. Phife, author of "The Test Pronouncer." Third edition, revised and enlarged; 16mo, pp. 574. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

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